

couldn't be any misunderstanding; it is a guarantee of a happy marriage—five dollars, please."

New York, Dec. 27.—Newspapermen, who formed most scandalous opinions of the soul-kiss from testimony in certain sensational divorce suits, are all wrong.

It isn't like that at all. It is as described above, and there is no experience necessary, according to the expert testimony of Madame Vesta La Viesta in the women's night court here.

And Mme. Vesta La Viesta ought to know, for is she not a most accomplished seeress, who can foretell the future and describe one's awful past?

She is not—not right now anyway, because she is on probation. But nevertheless she used to be, and was when she described the soul kiss as above.

Vesta is 50 years old, which is an age when one should be through with soul kisses, so far as oneself is concerned. Vesta saw the force of this, and gave up her life to teaching others to soul kiss in the proper fashion—at a reasonable fee.

That's what got her into all this mess of trouble, because she did not recognize in a certain plainly clothed, neat looking young woman, who breezed into her parlor of occultism, Detective Sergeant Isabella Goodwin, of the New York Central station.

Mrs. Goodwin asked the seeress and prescriber of soul kisses to read her palm.

"Reading palms is nix," said the prophetess. "I have a better way than that. Close both your eyes."

Detective-Sergeant Goodwin obediently closed both eyes.

"Now look into my face with your third eye, which is situated accurately in the middle of your forehead. Look hard! Now, what do you see?"

"I see green," said Detective Goodwin, and opened both her good eyes in case madame might be abstracting some green from her pocketbook.

The prophetess looked at the detective sadly.

"Ah!" she said, "then your soul is green. Five dollars, pl— But wait, you have not wished. Breathe a wish!"

"How do you 'breathe' a wish?" demanded the detective.

"You just breathe it," explained madame, lucidly.

"All right, I breathe a wish to get married," said the detective.

"You will be in five days. Five dollars, pl—"

"But how shall I know the man?" asked the detective.

"Whenever you see a man in whom you are interested, soul-kiss him."

Mrs. Goodwin looked properly shocked.

"But I cannot go around soul-kissing men like that," she protested. "I'd be arrested."

"Ah!" said madame, sadly, "I see that you do not understand. You have the common, ordinary, vulgar idea of what a soul-kiss is. But that idea is not right. Far